It’s like your eyes are liquor, it’s like your body is gold

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It’s like your eyes are liquor, it’s like your body is gold

by abbymyg

Summary

Will and Hannibal meet at a bar the night before they're both called to Jack's office in Aperitif.

For the hannibal bingo prompt: pre-canon.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

This was all Beverly's fault.

The whole squad had gone out for drinks last night, as a way of welcoming Will to the team. A tradition, Jimmy Price said. Beverly Katz had insisted. Brian Zeller didn't look very thrilled but went anyway. Because of the alcohol, Will guessed.

They had been investigating a crime scene in Baltimore, so the group chose a bar nearby. Will wanted to do nothing but return to his dogs and sleep, but he couldn't escape them. He had no choice but to go with them.

What he didn't expect was to find a handsome stranger there as well. The man looked overdressed for the establishment, wearing a blue and plaid gold suit, which is the reason Will first noticed him. He was drinking what Will guessed to be an expensive kind of wine and conversing with three other people at a table. Will didn't even know this simple small, rustic-looking bar had wine on the menu. Especially the expensive, refined kind someone dressed like that would drink.

His staring might have turned too obvious because, after a few moments of looking at him, the man met his eyes. And Will, for some reason, didn't look away as he normally would, holding the contact. The stranger smiled and raised his wine glass as if tasting at Will before taking a sip.

"Well he's handsome," Beverly said, distracting him and making WIll turn to her.

"Who?" Brian asked. He was facing the opposite direction.

"That guy in the suit over there," Beverly replied, pointing in the man's direction with her chin. "Will was making eyes at him."

"I was /not/ making eyes at him!" Will denied. He took a sip of his whiskey, trying to hide his blush behind the tumbler.

"I didn't know you were into dudes," Brian commented.

"We're tied now, I'm no longer the minority," Jimmy said happily.

Will frowned, confused, looking at the other two as they groaned.

"I'm a lesbian," Beverly explained. "Brian is straight."

"Oh," Will understood. "Um, ah, I like girls too, though."

"Yes!" Beverly cheered. "Still the majority." She bumped beers with Brian and drank.

"Damn," Jimmy said, shaking his head but laughing.

"Anyway, that wasn't the point," Beverly said after taking a long, long sip, almost downing the entire bottle. "The point was that guy is handsome, you should go for it, Graham." She

elbowed him on the side.

Will shook his head. “Nah, I’m not, eh, looking for anything right now.”

“Come on, Graham, don’t be a coward,” Beverly said, wanting to encourage him.

“Are you serious? Look at him, Katz!” he said. “Does he look like the type of person that dates someone that looks like me?”

She shrugged. “Why not? You’re both handsome.”

Jimmy turned to take a peek at him and his jaw dropped. “Holy shit.” He said eyes opened wide.

“Right?” Beverly asked.

“Will you can’t let that go! You have to go talk to him,” Jimmy told him, grabbing Will’s wrist.

Will winced at the touch, moving away. “No.” He drank the rest of his whiskey.

“You’re no fun,” Beverly pouted.

“If you don’t take your chance, then I might,” Jimmy said.

Will looked at him. He knew Jimmy didn’t mean it, he merely wanted to manipulate Will into approaching the stranger by turning it into a competition. He was not going to fall for it.

“Go for it,” he said, raising a brow.

They dropped the subject after that. Beverly managed to turn the conversation to their latest case when it showed up in the news on the small TV screen the bar had, and everyone forgot about Will. The man sighed, relieved to no longer be the center of attention. He stayed quiet, mostly laughing here and there at some of his coworker's jokes, and adding some comments about the killer’s profile.

The night was coming to an end and they were getting ready to order one last, final round of drinks when suddenly a server approached their table and left a glass of whiskey in front of Will.

“I didn’t order this,” Will told the young woman.

“Oh, the man from that table over there ordered it for you,” she said.

Will followed where she was pointing and found the handsome stranger looking in his direction. His tablemates had gone, and he was smiling at him. Will licked his lips and grabbed the tumbler. He mouthed him a silent ‘thank you’. The stranger’s smile widened, and he bowed his head slightly.

“You have to go talk to him,” Beverly insisted.

“No.” Will shook his head again.

“Come on, he bought you a drink!” Brian said.

“In my times, we only bought drinks for those we wanted to sleep with,” Jimmy commented absentmindedly.

“Poor dude is gonna be so disappointed,” Brian added.

Will sighed, drinking some of the whiskey. He paused, noticing the difference in quality. It’s not the kind of cheap whiskey he bought, but more likely a luxury brand, the type he definitely didn’t want to waste his money on. The difference in flavor and smell made him drink slower, properly tasting it.

He sneaked a peek at him and found him /still/ looking at him. Will read approval in his eyes. He liked the way was actually taking his time with the drink this time, which meant he had seen him down all of the others. Will didn’t know whether he should feel flattered or creeped out. There’s something off about the stranger that he couldn’t quite place, but it’s accompanied by a magnetic pull he’s trying his best to resist.

He could never know what or why that is if he doesn’t talk to him.

So, Will got up from his seat and walked towards the stranger, ignoring the happy cheers of his coworkers. He sat down in the nowempty space in front of him.

“Thank you for the whiskey,” he said, intending to sound as relaxed as he could manage. “I’ve never had whiskey this good before.”

“It’s my pleasure,” the man smiled. “My name is Hannibal, it’s a pleasure to meet you.” He offered him a hand.

The man had a nice, deep voice. Will blamed the shivers going down his spine on the alcohol in his system.

“The pleasure is mine.” Will grabbed his hand. His skin seemed to burn at the contact. “I’m Will.”

“What brings you to drink on a Wednesday, Will?” Hannibal asked him, taking a sip from his almost empty glass of wine.

“My coworkers have been trying to make me come drink with them for weeks now,” Will explained. “They finally convinced me.”

“Well I’m glad they did,” Hannibal said.

Will almost choked on his drink. That was smooth.

“I’m glad too,” Will muttered. Hannibal heard him anyway. “What about you? Why did you come here today?”

“A colleague is celebrating her retirement,” he explained.

“Retirement from?”

“Psychiatry.”

“Oh.”

Maybe that’s what Will sensed was off about the man. Of course he was a fucking psychiatrist. Will’s luck was non-existent.

It must’ve shown on his face because Hannibal said. amused: “You’re not very fond of psychiatrists, I gather.”

“I’m…sorry,” he said.

“Don’t be. It’s a feeling a lot of people share.”

“I just don’t want anyone poking inside my brain,” Will explained, defensively.

“That’s a pity, I was hoping to get to know you,” Hannibal said.

“You still can,” Will replied a bit too quickly. “As long as you don’t psychoanalyze me.”

Hannibal smiled. “I’ll try my best.”

They kept the conversation going for a long time, and to Will’s surprise, the two are getting along well. Will forgot about the rest of the world as he took slow sips of his drink, alternating with laughs. His back was to his coworkers’ table, so he wasn’t even sure if the group was still in the place or if they had gone home already. He didn’t care.

When Hannibal proposed to him to leave together, Will didn’t reject him.

Will got a glimpse of how much richer than he had thought Hannibal was when he called a chauffeur to drive them home since both of them had been drinking, instead of getting an Uber. But if that surprised, it was nothing against the man’s house.

“Holy shit.” The curse slipped out before he could repress it.

Hannibal chuckled but didn't acknowledge the comment. He unlocked the door and led him inside. Will was intimidated by the decorations, the furniture, by how everything inside the home screams ‘money’ to him. He had always felt uncomfortable around high-class people. They were always the ones with the most secrets, the ones that had so much to hide Will got overwhelmed by the amount of things he could read on them.

Hannibal, however, was on the opposite side of the spectrum. Will couldn’t read him. Not in any profound way. Everything he sensed about the man was superficial. It was intriguing and worrisome at the same time. The man was a mystery and Will specialized in solving them. Perhaps that was the magnetic pull he felt earlier.

So he followed Hannibal to his room, decorated similarly to the rest of the house. He had only a few seconds to look around before he felt Hannibal's hands on his waist. The man deposited a soft kiss on Will's cheek, nuzzling his neck. Will turned around, kissed him, and gave in.

Will melted against Hannibal's lips, holding tightly to him while they kissed. He moaned at the sensation of Hannibal's tongue inside his mouth, exploring every inch of it. His body was reacting to his touch, craving contact, longing for more. A warm, sensual feeling invaded his lower belly as Hannibal moved his mouth slowly on his, kissing him slowly, savoring the moment. Will moaned softly as Hannibal nibbled on his ear, playfully tugging at it. He threaded his fingers on Will's hair, stroking his curls.

"You're beautiful, Will." Hannibal's praise sounded almost like a purr against his ear. It made him shiver. Hannibal's fingers moved lower, catching the neck of Will's shirt. "May I take this off?"

"Please," Will replied, barely above a whisper.

He watched Hannibal undress him, admiring his naked chest. The man seemed to be as aroused as he was as he looked at Will's exposed flesh, running his fingers all over his torso as if memorizing the shape of each and every one of his ribs. He thumbed Will's sensitive nipples, making him gasp. He then traced the shape of Will's shoulder scar.

"Who stabbed you?" he asked. Oh, right, he was a doctor.

"I used to be a cop," Will explained.

Hannibal hummed. "Whoever stitched this did a good job," he praised.

Will huffed. "Well I'm glad it meets your standards, doctor," he said, feeling a bit awkward under the scrutiny.

Hannibal smiled and continued to trail his fingers down Will's torso. The teacher grabbed his wrist before he could sneak his fingers under his pants.

"Not so fast, I wanna take your shirt off, too," he said.

Hannibal grinned and nodded. Will let go of his wrist and undid Hannibal's tie, throwing it to the floor, before moving his fingers to the buttons of his shirt. When he was done undoing them, he pushed it off his shoulders. Will's eyes wandered over Hannibal's broad shoulders to his muscular forearms. Will felt himself blushing as the older man's gaze burned into him.

Hannibal grabbed his chin to raise his hand and kissed his lips softly this time, pressing their bare chests together. Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal's neck, pulling him closer. He opened his eyes for a moment, to make sure the bed was in the direction he thought it was, and pushed Hannibal in its direction.

Hannibal fell easily onto the bed and pulled Will with him. The younger man straddled his hips, looking down at him with hunger in his eyes. He leaned down to kiss him again, and

Hannibal sighed against his lips, wrapping his arms around his waist. Will's fingers trailed down Hannibal's sides, stopping at his waistband. Hannibal moved his hands to Will's ass, squeezing it over his pants.

Will moaned, breaking the kiss. He moved backward a bit to unbuckle Hannibal's belt. He unhooked it and threw it somewhere behind him before undoing his pants' zipper. Hannibal raised his hips a bit to allow him to remove them as well. Will slid them down, taking Hannibal's shoes and socks off in the process. His eyes moved automatically to Hannibal's groin, where a wet patch was starting to show on the fabric of his underwear. The shape of his hardening cock was visible underneath it. Will licked his lips, staring at it. His cock was begging for attention, trapped in his jeans.

"Can I suck you off?" Will asked, looking at Hannibal from under his eyelashes.

"Yes," Hannibal replied with a nod.

He propped himself on his elbows to look at Will as he lowered his underwear. Hannibal's cock sprang up immediately, standing erect against his belly. It was thick and long. Will's eyes lingered on it for a while longer before he finally closed them and lowered his mouth. He latched onto the tip with his tongue, sucking and licking at the tip until it was covered with saliva. He tasted the bitterness of Hannibal's precum before he moved his tongue further down the shaft to reach the base. He licked from base to tip, then took the entire length into his mouth.

Hannibal moaned as Will bobbed his up and down, using his hand to cover the base he couldn't fit in his mouth. It had been a long, long time since he had taken someone this big. It made his jaw ache, but the sounds Hannibal was making made up for it and encouraged Will to make a good job.

"Oh, god," he groaned as Will sucked harder. Will loved the way he could hear his voice change, getting higher in pitch.

Will hummed around his cock and opened his eyes to meet Hannibal's straight-on. The man stared back at him with pure lust clouding his amber eyes. It went straight to his cock. Hannibal's breathing quickened, his pupils dilated even further, and Will recognized all of the signs indicating to him that Hannibal was about to cum.

With one last lick from base to tip, Will pulled away. He grinned at Hannibal's disappointed face and reached to kiss his lips.

"Do you have condoms and lube?" he asked. "I wanna ride you."

Hannibal's breath hitched, and he coughed in an attempt to hide it. "Left bedside table, first drawer," he replied.

Will gave him a thankful kiss on the chin, then climbed off him to grab the items. He opened the glass jar of lube—Will had never seen such a fancy lubricant container before—and scooped it with his fingers, heating it between them. He then took his time to finger himself open while holding one of Hannibal's thighs. The man couldn't take his eyes off Will's

fingers, watching with intense attention the way they disappeared into his body. The silence between them felt heated. Hannibal's lips were dry. His cock was impossibly hard and leaking precum. If he didn't get to fuck him soon, Hannibal was pretty sure he'll die.

Luckily for him, Will finished and reached inside the drawer again. He grabbed one of them and moved back to his place on Hannibal's lap to roll it down his cock. Will would have taken his time to put it on using his mouth but he was too impatient for that right now. He needed to have Hannibal inside of him, as soon as possible.

Will took a deep breath and met Hannibal's eyes. "Ready?" he asked, lowering to kiss him again.

"Ready," Hannibal replied after it.

He grabbed Will's waist to help him up as the man held the base of Hannibal's cock to align it with his entrance. He positioned himself and slid down, slowly. Hannibal gasped as Will's warm, tight hole surrounded him.

Will moaned, feeling Hannibal's thick length stretching him wide, getting deeper and deeper until being fully inside of him. Still, it wasn't enough. He began moving up and down, fucking himself on Hannibal's cock with the eagerness of a starving man. Hannibal thrust up, meeting Will halfway, and pressing against his prostate every time. The moans and gasps Will let out were music to Hannibal's ear, the finest choir he'd ever heard.

"Fuck, doctor," Will moaned, putting a hand on Hannibal's chest. He wrapped his other hand around his cock, jerking himself off. "It's so good."

Hannibal moved his hands from Will's hips to his ass, accompanying his movements. "You're so beautiful, Will," he said, sounding strained. "I love the sounds you make for me."

That statement alone caused Will to moan louder and tighten around Hannibal. He gasped. It was starting to become hard to gather enough strength to properly ride him, his movements getting shorter and frantic.

"I'm close," he said, "so close."

"Come for me, darling," Hannibal said. "Come for me."

Will let out a scream as he exploded into orgasm, shuddering as he came. Hot cum painted Hannibal's abdomen, and some drops even landed on his chest. Hannibal ceased fucking into him, in favor of gathering the cum with his fingers and bringing them to his mouth to suck it off.

"Jesus Christ," Will moaned at the sight. "Fuck."

He felt liquid, completely devoid of strength as he lay down on top of Hannibal's body, uncaring of the hard cock still inside of him. Hannibal hadn't come yet. Hannibal didn't care either. He stroked Will's back, enjoying seeing Will so relaxed.

That lasted for a couple of minutes until Will started to feel uncomfortable with Hannibal's cock inside of him.

"You didn't come," Will said then when he was finally in the right mind to speak. "Let me blow you."

"That won't be necessary, darling," Hannibal said.

Will blinked, looking at him. "What do you me—?"

Before he could finish his sentence, Hannibal was flipping them over so Will was under him. Another movement and Will was lying on the bed facing down, with Hannibal on top. The man pulled Will's hips higher so he was on his knees with his ass in the air.

"Hannibal, what are you doing?" Will managed to speak before a loud moan escaped his lips.

Hannibal's tongue was on his hole. Will arched his back at the sensation, grabbing handfuls of the sheets underneath him. His head fell back.

"Fuck, Hannibal," Will groaned, shivering.

Hannibal smiled and kept licking him, delighting in Will's body as if it were his last meal. Will was oversensitive, and his cock couldn't get hard so soon after orgasm, but that didn't stop Hannibal from trying. The man slipped his tongue inside of Will, at the same time as he wrapped his fingers around Will's spent, soft cock, stroking him in lazy motions.

"Ah, shit, Hannibal, I can't—"

"Yes you can, Will," Hannibal told him, switching his tongue for two fingers to keep him full as he talked. "You're doing so good, Will, I know you'll get hard for me again."

He went back to rimming him, and he used his free hand to caress the sensitive skin of his inner thighs. Will moaned. His cock was slowly but surely coming to life again, hardening in Hannibal's hand. Then Hannibal pulled away, making Will whine and clench around nothing. He was too empty.

"Please," he begged.

Hannibal grinned and leaned over him to kiss his shoulder. "Just a second, Will."

Will heard the sound of him ripping open another condom. He wondered when Hannibal had gotten rid of the other one. Hannibal rolled it down his shaft then grabbed Will's hips and positioned himself between his legs. He pushed in, burying himself to the hilt in Will's body in one swift motion.

"Fuck!" Will cursed loudly, his entire body trembling. "Oh my God, Hannibal, fuck," he continued, reaching for the headboard to ground himself. "Fuck me, please, fuck."

Hannibal chuckled. "As you wish, dear."

He began thrusting, quick and deep, chasing his own pleasure since he hadn't come earlier. Will was clenching around him as well, helping him. Hannibal felt as if he'd just been injected with adrenaline. His heart was racing rapidly, his muscles tensing and relaxing, and all sensations felt heightened. He was close.

"Shit," Will hissed as Hannibal's fingers brushed the head of his cock. "Fuck." Will felt himself getting close again too. He didn't know it'd be possible. And yet there he was, about to have his second orgasm of the night.

Hannibal came inside of him with one last final deep thrust. Will followed suit, screaming his name.

Hannibal collapsed on top of him, both of them panting as they tried to recover their breaths. They stayed like that for a moment, too content to move. Then Hannibal pulled out of him to discard the condom in a nearby small trash can, before lying down next to him on the bed.

At some point, they fell asleep.

Will woke up to the sun filtering through the curtains of the bedroom and Hannibal nowhere in sight. He didn't know what time it was.

He searched for his phone on the bedside table but it wasn't there. There was a note from Hannibal, however, telling him he had to leave for work and that Will was free to have breakfast, shower, and stay as long as he wanted. It made his heart melt.

He sighed and got up from the bed, looking around for his clothes. Hannibal had folded them and left them on a chair, on top of which his phone rested.

He smiled and grabbed it. The screen lighted up and the notifications wiped the smile off his face.

Shit.

He had two missed calls from Jack and a voicemail.

Fuck.

Will had forgotten the man had told him he would call to tell him about a meeting, to discuss the missing girls' case. Fuck.

He dressed up as fast as he could and listened to Jack's voicemail on the way to the lower floor of the house. He grabbed his car keys and…shit, his car. He had left it abandoned at the bar.

"Shit, shit, shit."

Will exited the house, already searching for the Uber app on his phone, but stopped in his tracks when he found the car parked right in front of his eyes. Hannibal must have had last night's chauffeur drive his car too.

He blinked in disbelief and wiped his eyes but no, the car was still there. He made a mental note to send a text to Hannibal thanking him later and got inside. He had no time to waste.

He drove to Quantico, racing over the speed limit. He somehow managed to arrive only ten minutes late. He ran through the building, ignoring the agents' curious looks. He stopped before entering Jack's office, giving himself a moment to breathe, then pushed the door open.

"I'm sorry I'm late, traffic was a nightmare," he lied.

"Ah, Will, we were waiting for you, come sit," Jack said.

Will paused. We?

That's when he noticed the third man in the room, sitting in one of the chairs in front of Jack's desk. Their eyes met and Will turned red.

Hannibal.

"Well, if this isn't a marvelous coincidence," he said, smiling widely. "Hello, Will."

End Notes

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